

The Musical World.

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THE TWO ITALIAN OPERAS.

THE time is drawing near when the public may reasonably expect a prospectus of the ensuing season's arrangements at the hands of each of these great establishments. Although little of positive is known of what the managers and agents of either theatre have been doing since the recess, there is enough of rumour and *on dit* to authorise a chat with the reader on the subject, which promises to engross even more of public attention in 1848 than it did in 1847.

The proceedings of the director of Her Majesty's Theatre have, as usual, been enveloped in a cloud of diplomatic mystery. Travellers in far countries testify to the fact of having seen Mr. Lumley here, there, and everywhere; but his precise whereabouts, like his actual whatabout, has been almost uniformly a matter of conjecture. Some assert that Mr. Lumley was at Berlin when Madlle. Jenny Lind was at Berlin; that Mr. Lumley was at Vienna when Madlle. Jenny Lind was at Vienna; and that ultimately, when the Swedish Nightingale rested her weary wings, and closed her pretty lips at Stockholm, Mr. Lumley also put a temporary period to his travels, and laid up, for a while, his carpet-bag. Others state that Mr. Lumley was seen in Paris, one fine October night, on the *Pont Neuf*, with a dark lantern in his hand, looking out for a *primo tenore*. But of course this is a piece of pleasantries, only worth citing as such. The reports of Mr. Lumley's doings have been numerous enough, but no certainty is attached to any of them. First, a one-act opera for Jenny Lind was secured from Meyerbeer; but this Meyerbeer has himself denied, if we are to believe our Paris correspondent. Next we were to have had the *Camp of Silesia*; but it appears that the author of the *Huguenots* insisted upon certain guarantees about the orchestral, choral, and other arrangements, which the spirited director of Her Majesty's Theatre was not ready to grant; the consequence would seem to be the sudden rupture of the treaty in the midst of the preliminaries. We are informed, however, but will not pledge ourselves to the fact, that Mr. Lumley intends to do the *Camp of Silesia* in spite of the composer, who may grumble as he likes, and make the best of it. In self-defence, perhaps, Meyerbeer will direct the same opera at another theatre, where his foible in respect of orchestral and choral completeness will be gratified; but against the Swedish Nightingale, the finest orchestra, and the finest chorus, and the most complete cast, and the most gorgeous and characteristic *mise en scene*, and military bands upon the stage, and the superintendence of the MEYERBEER in person, will (who can gainsay it?) avail nothing. As we have heard some staunch supporters of Mr. Lumley's diplomacy assert, over and over again, during the course of the last absorbing season—Jenny Lind and, four fiddlers in the orchestra, would be quite enough to draw the

multitude to Her Majesty's Theatre, and make the fortune of the manager. To which we respond "Amen," without a wince. Jenny Lind, in her own person, is *prima donna*, orchestra, chorus, scenes, conductor, music and all; and then, as we have heard aptly suggested, the pre-eminence of her talent is enhanced by the charms of her person, and capped by the purity of her morals. What can resist such an *ensemble*? Surely nothing!

All we can precisely ascertain of the programme of Her Majesty's Theatre touches the *personnel*. That we are to have Jenny Lind is certain; that we are to have Lablache is sure; that we are to have Gardoni is undeniable; that we are to have Coletti is unquestionable; that we are to have Superchi is incontrovertible; that we are to have Bouché is inevitable. Add to these, Tadolini, who was famous before Grisi was known; and a rumour—only a rumour—of Frezzolini Poggi. We shall not have Fraschini, and we cannot rely upon the assistance of Made. Solari and Dai Fiori. The ballet will be as grand as ever. Cerito, Rosati, Marie Taglioni, and last and best, CARLOTTA GRISI, will again be with us. Taglioni is very doubtful, and Lucile Grahn out of the question, since Rosati has usurped her place—which we state with anything but satisfaction. About the male dancers, except Perrot, we know nothing, and care less; suffice it that Perrot will once more, and for the last time, direct the *ballet*; and as was the case last year, will be preceded by Paul Taglioni, whose merit is to be the father of his daughter, pretty pouting little Marie. In the *ballet*, therefore, rivalry is altogether impossible. The band, with some few exceptions, will be entirely new; let us hope that it may be better than the last. Balfe remains conductor—a fortunate thing for the manager, to whom he rendered, in 1846-7, such inestimable services. Mr. Lumley remains director, and M. Maretzek diplomatist, *chargé d'affaires*, and master of the choruses. Mr. Marshall rests at the head of the scenery department, upon which we may congratulate all concerned; and Made. Coupere will continue to superintend the costumes, and organise the throwing of bouquets to Jenny Lind and Rosati—upon which we hardly know whether we may congratulate all concerned. MM. Escudier, of *La France Musicale*, will persist in the assumption of the Paris agency, and act as the common sign-post for manager and artiste. M. Fiorentino, of the *Constitutionnel*, will persist in maintaining his neutrality, and act as a sign-post to neither.

The theatre will be cleaned, because it wants it; but it will not be renovated, because it does not want it. Mr. Nugent will be at his old post, which will be welcome intelligence to those who have experienced his invariable politeness and attention.

All these things may be relied upon, albeit we have

seen no programme, nor the shadow of one, either in MS. or in print. Meanwhile, we wish a prosperous season to Her Majesty's Theatre, and shall be always ready with the *quid pro quo* for a gallery stall, whenever there is anything that demands our attendance, as critics and recorders; on other occasions, we shall feel obliged to any friend who exults in a box, if he will give us a place in it, or to any one who has a stall to throw away, if he will exercise his liberality on our persons.

When the prospectus appears, we shall be enabled to say more. Need we insist that, like Fiorentino, we maintain that position of neutrality which nothing could shake last year—not all the noise about Jenny Lind, on one side, nor all the enthusiasm of our *collaborateur*, D. R., on the other.

And now a word or two about Covent Garden. The resignation of Mr. Beale is well known and unanimously deplored; but it is comfortable to state that, long before his retirement, he had made *all* the arrangements for the coming season, the prospectus of which will doubtless appear in due time. *Par parenthèse*—the last step of Mr. Beale, previous to his abdication, crowned his retreat with glory; need we say, that we allude to the free loan of the magnificent theatre and its stores of resources for the use of the managers of the Shaksperian fund? We have heard that a testimonial is getting up, which will be signed by all the artists of the Royal Italian Opera, expressing to Mr. Beale their strong sense of his manly, upright, and honorable conduct—his courteous demeanour—his gentlemanly manners—his strict and unswerving justice, without prejudice to persons—his managerial talents, at once solid, brilliant, and useful—and concluding with expressions of lively, heartfelt, and unanimous regret at his retirement from the direction of that theatre on which his name had conferred so much honor, and for which his policy and general behaviour had won so much credit, under circumstances of trying difficulty such as perhaps no manager of any theatre had ever been encumbered with before. We trust and believe this to be authentic;—nothing can be more thoroughly deserved.

Among those whom rumour enumerates as likely to succeed Mr. Beale we shall only mention one—Mr. Mitchell, lessee of the St. James's Theatre—who, if he be induced to undertake the office, will leave us less cause to regret the loss of his worthy predecessor.

And now a word or two anticipatory of the prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera. We have seen nothing either in MS. or in print; what we say, therefore, which will be very little, must be taken at its proper value. Among the *soprani* we are sure of Grisi, Persiani, Made. Ronconi, Steffanoni, and Corbari; among the *contralti* we are only sure of Alboni—but Alboni is in herself a host. Add to these Pauline Viardot Garcia, *soprano* and *contralto* in one, on whose advent we may rely; and a certain Madlle. Zoya, who is coming for the express purpose of playing Maria, in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and, according to all accounts, is one of the most extraordinary phenomena of the modern stage. For tenors, we may count with safety upon Mario and Salvi, to say nothing of Lavia and some "sidera minora." Bettini will not return at present; he is looking out for the sceptre, which Duprez must shortly abandon, at the *Académie Royale de Musique*; let us hope that the eleven threatened operas of "young Verdi," of which one of our Paris correspondents speaks in his letter this week, may not prematurely finish his career, as was the case with the two tenors of Milan. For barytones have we not Tamburini and Ronconi?—and for basses Tagliafico and Marini?—not to count the planets that revolve in the

system of these sons of dramatic song. Bassini is not coming next year, but in 1849 we may expect him, with the "pupil of Pasta," about whose pre-eminence report has been so mysteriously busy. Nor can Roger, the inimitable tenor of the *Opera Comique*, whom rumour has engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, be expected in 1848; still less Duprez, who, according to some dealers in chit-chat, was to have played with Viardot in the operas of Meyerbeer; these assertions were but guesses, and have turned out wrong.

The orchestra and chorus of the Royal Italian Opera—good enough last year, in all conscience, for any stork of a connoisseur, for any cormorant of the stalls, (Sir Henry Webb himself), for any fanatic of Mozart—will be increased in numbers, and improved in quality, as if the numbers wanted reinforcement, or the quality were capable of amelioration.

Costa will again direct the musical proceedings of the establishment; comment upon this would be superfluous.

The *ballet*, even more than last year, will be cast into the shade. We only know of one engagement—Flora Fabbri, for three months. Rumour, however, is loud in the praise of some *young* dancer, lately secured in Paris, remarkable in an equal measure on the score of talent and of beauty—a Fanny Ellsler (we are told) with nineteen summers! We shall see—and if captivation be inevitable, be captivated; in such cases the citadel of our judgment, and the stronghold of our affection are easily stormed and taken. Of the other *ballet* arrangements we know little or nothing. For the male dancers, as we have hinted, we do not care a straw. "What matters it," as the witty J. J. says, in allusion to St. Léon, "what matters it, whether one male dancer dances better or worse than another?—what does it signify to him, and what does it signify to us?" Of one thing we are sorry—that we are to lose Casati, the excellent *maitre de ballet*, who composed *Manon L'Escaut*, for Ellsler, and (more-to-be-lamented) his lovely wife, who appeared in Mr. Lumley's prospectus, last year, as Mdlle. Wauthier—the beautiful Mdlle. Wauthier, for whose *apparition* all eyes were glistening, all hearts quaking, with the anticipation of a charming slavery. Madame Casati is, indeed, one of the most ravishing persons, to look at, that ever filled mortal eye with delicious visions, that ever loaded mortal brain with the "stuff that dreams are made of," that ever made mortal fancy build castles in the air! But we are not to have Madame Casati in 1848—so let us make the best of the *hope* of seeing her again in 1849. Who are to be the minor luminaries of the *ballet*, who the orchestra conductor (we shall be glad to see Mr. Alfred Mellon at his post again), who the *ballet-master*, who the *costumière*, &c. &c., not knowing, we cannot say. We are not to have Fuoco; Jullien has secured the lively, little Sophie and her *pointes*.

Mr. Grieve will remain as principal scene-painter—than which no more welcome intelligence could be given to the amateurs of well painted, graphic, life-like pictures.

The theatre will be cleaned—but will the *Amphitheatres* be demolished, and a spacious gallery spring from their ashes? We hope *yes*, but fear *no*. Time will decide. We know nothing of whom is to throw the bouquets, nor at whom they are to be thrown.

Now, reader, you possess all we are in a condition to tell you at present. At any rate there is matter for speculation, until the rival prospectuses are issued; and be assured that the earliest information possible to be obtained shall be *your's*. We shall watch the proceedings at both houses with an eye that can neither close with weariness nor wink with indifference. We have now means of information both on the continent and

at home. Argus with his hundred eyes, and Briareus with his hundred arms, shall be the types of our watchfulness and diligence.

PAULINE VIARDOT GARCIA.

(From a Correspondent.)

This celebrated vocalist has been reaping new laurels in some of the German musical towns. After a triumphant engagement at Dresden, she took her adieu on the 3rd Dec. *Don Giovanni* was to be given, but Don Giovanni was ill, and the masterpiece of Mozart could not be performed. Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was then chosen for the substitute, but the tenor, Raoul, was seized by the *grippe*, and the *Huguenots* also was put *hors de combat*. Finally, we were compelled to put up with the fourth act of *Robert le Diable*, with the shadow of a tenor—the third act of *Otello*, ditto ditto—and the last scene of *Sonnambula*. Viardot Garcia's success was tremendous; every point was applauded with enthusiasm. The house was crowded to the roof, and there were regular battles to obtain tickets of admission; she was compelled to repeat the *finale*, which was followed by showers of bouquets, recalls, and all imaginable uproar.

On the 9th, Made. Viardot debuted at Hamburg, in the *Barbieri*, to an immensely crowded house. The cavatina, "Una voce poco fa," was encored, but as she was going to introduce several *morceaux* in the lesson scene, Madame V. declined to respond to the demand; she was several times recalled, however. The duet, "Dunque io son," produced a furor. In the singing lesson Madame V. introduced the "Contrabandista," the "Calezera," "Riqui riqui," and, to wind up, the finale to *Cenerentola*, the *andante* of which was redemanded, as were also the variations, but she only repeated the latter. In short a more complete fanaticism was never created by an artist. At the end of her Hamburg engagement, Viardot Garcia goes to the Royal Theatre at Berlin, where she is engaged for three months.

A Treatise on the "Affinities" of Goethe,

IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,

Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Rötcher,

Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued from page 787.)

THE ARTIFICIAL COMPOSITION OF "THE AFFINITIES."

The merely retarding element of the epopee, or the romance, differs from the episode in this—that in the former, besides an internal connection of the thought and view with the idea of the work of art, there is also visible an external link with the acting personages and the events, whereas in the episode this is altogether wanting. The episode has, therefore, for its union with the whole only the internal affinity of the idea, so that, if it is severed from the rest, we completely retain the whole cause of the development; but, at the same time, if the episode be of the right kind we deprive ourselves of the internal relations of thought, which not unfrequently bring forth the purest æsthetical effects, and which also by the feelings and views which they awaken, contain an element of progress.

At a moment when, through the existence of the child, the breach in domestic life seems, to a superficial observer, to be hastening to its cure, we are met by two figures in the persons of the lord and his companion, who, while they are but little familiar with the internal relations of the family, in the course of their conversation touch unconsciously upon points which awaken troubled recollections and painful feelings, and by the state of feeling which they call forth against their will, force us to the painful certainty that an incurable malady is here hidden beneath a deceptive veil, and tends to the destruction of its vessel.

The poet has not missed giving us a lively picture of the apparently becalmed mind with which, after the birth of the child, the individuals appear to be blessed. Charlotte through this boy obtains a new relation to the world and her property, her old activity revives, and in this state of joy she pictures to herself a possible union between Ottilia and the Captain, she abandons herself to cheerful contemplations on the vicissitudes of fate, in which she sees nothing like a dæmonic power, but one which grants us our wishes, after a fashion of its own, to be able to give us something beyond our wishes. Delighted with the noble prospect which is opened to her from the new building, she at once resolves to accelerate its completion. A brisk activity develops itself, and the pleasure of this productive activity is enjoyed by Charlotte and Ottilia in common. The kindly mood seems heightened by the arrival of the lord and his companion. By the side of these guests they stray through the park, which visibly derives advantage from the lord's remarks. The interest in immediate objects is revived in the ladies—they hold intercourse with each other, as though the most central mood resided in their circle.

But what a flimsy veil this is short cheerful interest! How now do we perceive beneath it the deep wound, which offers to us a sight the more disgusting, because it has been long withdrawn from our sight. Here also the æsthetic effect rested on the contradiction (exhibited without effort) between the external appearance, and the internal reality, which is now first brought forward, if indeed it is only in the remotest degree that notions are awakened which are involuntarily connected with the peculiar feelings of the parties and turn the glance inwards.

In the effects accidentally produced on the two ladies by the lord's accidental remarks, the contrast of their individuality and peculiar constitution of mind is most forcibly exhibited. While Charlotte, partly through her intercourse with the great world has grown accustomed to the *contre-temps* and accidental wounds that may be inflicted in the course of conversation, partly through the moral clearness she has attained after subduing her passion, feels no particular pain; Ottilia's heart on the other hand suffers the acutest anguish. To characterize this it is an important feature that the apology for "homelessness," which we hear from the mouth of the lord, who praises that condition as the happiest, brings before the soul of Ottilia the most lively image of Edward, who is restlessly contending with danger and difficulty, and fills her with a pain hitherto unknown. From this we learn how the homeless, wandering friend is ever floating before her; how all her views are all collected about this one centre, and by that centre alone are attracted and sustained. Such features produce an effect so extraordinary, because by them the whole past situation, the invisibly progressing passion suddenly becomes illumined, and the tragic wound for the collision is not a little heightened.

To heal the wound, which he has observed in the course of conversation, the lord proceeds to the narrative of the novel, which is here introduced into our work. While in the previous conversations of the lord and the ladies only a retarding element has shown itself, in which the direct progress of the action is impeded, but at the same time an immediate relation to the acting individuals is retained, so in the following episode every external connection with the work is broke off, and nothing is left as a result but the tone of mind and view, which alone works upon the internal sense and by that alone can be apprehended. He whose mind cannot perceive and produce in himself those views, which rest in the affinity of thoughts, and thus form themselves according to a certain necessity, might without offence regard the filling episode as a mere non-essential addition. Let us endeavour to develop, in a few words, the æsthetical effect of our narrative.

If we are to give, in a word, the internal connection of the novel with our work of art, we perceive in it, that the thorough victory of *Elective Affinity* as the result of various changes and contests is made plainly conspicuous. Between two excellent young creatures, destined by their parents for each other, at an early age, appears the strongest repugnance, which is even heightened to rage; the mutual position separates our obstinate antipodes; the girl matured to a beautiful virgin is treated with the most refined attention by a young man, eminent in every respect by position and property, and is destined to be his future wife by the habit of his society, and the

opinion of the world, which has often designated her as the bride of so hopeful a suitor. A quiet goodwill was the basis of the whole relation, to which she carelessly and cheerfully resigned herself, and in this perceived a guarantee for future happiness. The former adversary who is now new-formed into a handsome youth, comes back, and by his whole appearance, so fetters the girl's mind, that her feelings are soon heightened into an immediate passion, in which death is welcome to her as a release from an existence which has missed its aim and is completely torn. In the presence of the beloved one the release from life is to take place, that the image of the girl destroyed by his coldness, may for ever be impressed upon his soul. The sight of the beautiful maiden, who devotes herself to a certain death in the waves, and has pointed him out as the cause of her desperate resolution, calls forth all his strength. With strong arms he carries his lovely prey ashore, and at that moment, a passion hitherto concealed in him is revealed, and dispels the scruples of both. As he has rescued her from the death, which she preferred to a life without him, he thinks he has a claim to be preferred before that of any of the living. A right so acquired is sanctioned by the parents with their blessing, which they can hardly refuse to a pair destined for each other by a higher ordination.

Even in these individuals, [from the very beginning of their mutual relation, is shown the power of an Elective Affinity, which indeed, in the childish years of our couple, appears in the disguised form of hate, while however, according to the poet's fine expression, a dark acknowledgment of internal worth lay at the foundation of this hostile feeling. As there is no greater mystery than love and hate, so does this mystery exhibit itself here. For that dark impulse towards an unmeasured recognition of the kindred being, which, before it became conscious of its own character, aimed at an annihilation of the subject, afterwards manifests itself as the most unbounded passion, which will annihilate itself when the possession of its object seems denied. This perfect resignation is rewarded; a higher ordination of things brings to light the secret of love between kindred beings, which in some form or other, has manifested itself from the beginning, and attains for it the most perfect victory over the claims which have been recognised by fancy alone.

Here love, which has staked even life, triumphs over every obstacle and maintains the majesty of Elective Affinity against all other well acquired rights. A female, being almost exposed by many circumstances and errors to the sad lot of a life which has entirely missed its aim, saves for herself, by a bold resolution, an existence which she has nearly lost, and thus secures for her beloved an inevitable repentance, as to the delusion in which he has been placed as to his own feelings.

The series of views forcing itself out of the narrative with something of compulsion necessarily affected to the most painful degree, the ladies who heard it, because their own lot, so completely opposite, was brought before them. No beneficent deity revealed to Edward and Ottilia, when Charlotte first brought them together, the secret of their Elective Affinity. It is not till a perfectly completed moral position prohibits the passionate feeling of both, that this affinity raises in bitter irony its voice, which will not again be hushed, and yet which cannot—like the girl's cry for aid—find a hearer. Thus in the present narrative, Charlotte and Ottilia look at their own situation, as it were, objectively. And if the former, by the happily solved allusion, to which the girl in the novel resigned herself, by admitting the bridegroom's suit, is painfully reminded of that illusion of her own, which once connected her with Edward in a manner quite similar, so can Ottilia, with silent envy, regard a destiny which has attained for kindred hearts a victory over all obstacles—a victory for which she likewise would readily encounter the peril of death.

But a completely pure voice also tells them that in that case there was no substantial perfected relation to silence passion, as there was in their own. Therefore, through that question, which was cited in the first chapter—"Why am I involved in relations, which, in my consciousness, I cannot make, and from the moral power of which I cannot free myself?"—they are destined to sustain a sorrow, which in them, as in us, points to an absolute resolution of their discordant fate. As therefore, on the one hand, the episode awakens in the two individuals the feeling of a contrast

with their own lot, so it at the same time excites the tragic tone of mind, which in an enigmatical existence points to the absolute unveiling of the eternal laws. Thus the episode has at the same time produced the proper turn for the catastrophe, which is now hurried on, and prepares our minds for a shocking result.

(To be concluded in our next).

* * To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of the translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

No. LXIV.

THERE seems to be a fount of bitterness
Conceal'd within my heart, which sometimes lies
Tranquil and harmless, but will sometimes rise,
And overwhelm me with its black excess.—
Then all things round me wear an alter'd dress;
And so distorted pass before my eyes,
I scarcely knew them in their wondrous guise,—
And fain would curse, where I am wont to bless.
Then heed me not; when the dark waters gush
From the abyss, let them pursue their course,
And rage, and boil,—they will subside at last.
For in these moments I could wildly crush
The things I love the most, with demon force,
And with mad joy;—but all is quickly past.

N. D.

ALBONI AT THE OPERA ITALIEN.

IN accordance with the promise intimated in our Journal of last week, we return to the quotations from the French papers, on the all-absorbing topic of Alboni's *débüt* and reception at the Theatre Italien, in Paris. The great success of the artist in the French capital, must be highly gratifying to the English public, who, the moment she had been heard in this country, without *prestige*, puff preliminary, or claqueism, acknowledged her to be the most consummate artist, and the most wonderful vocalist, of any singer who had debuted since Grisi. We shall not presume to say that the Parisian public was guided in its estimation of the singer, only by the favor she had received at the hands of a London audience,—for what public could hear the inimitable contralto, and not be dazzled and enraptured?—but it cannot be doubted that the success she obtained amongst us awakened the curiosity of the Parisians, and determined them to exercise the strictest justice towards her, and not suffer themselves to be infected with the disease so prevalent of late in the British Isles, entitled the *music-mania* or *entersimusey*, as Byron called it. No doubt they had the best possible reasons for their caution. A severer and more decided audience, we believe, never assembled inside a theatre, than that which crowded the *salle* of the Theatre Italien, on the night of Alboni's first appearance, and we are satisfied, that had not the singer obtained the greatest possible success, her *débüt* must have amounted to a failure. The entire audience, self-constituted, presided as her judges, and made themselves her witnesses and her jury. But Alboni dared the strictest investigation, confronted the imperious court with a look that awed its undelimited authority, treated with disdain her puny (*puisse*) judges, laughed at her jury, and commanded their verdict. Certainly, they were not slow in giving it, but Alboni could hardly thank them for it. Alboni appears to have wrought a complete revolution in the Italian Opera, at Paris. First she stirs up M. Vatel, and makes him pay a little attention to the production of his operas; next, she awakens Grisi from a long lethargic slumber, into which the frigidity of the auditory at the Italiens appears to have lulled her; thirdly, she infuses fire even into Coletti; and lastly, she frights the aristocracy of the theatre from its listlessness and apathy, and converts it into a mob as excitable as one appertaining to the *Champs Elysées* on a *fête* day. Yet, all this is done in the most legiti-

mate manner. She appears without a single partisan in the house. Every listener in that hushed and awful assembly is ready and willing to censure and find fault; else why—oh! shame on thy chivalry, France, that would deny encouragement to a woman and a stranger!—is no hand, no voice lifted in her behalf, and she, poor, unsupported thing, left to build up a reputation, which was never built before, without the kindred and kindly-proffered help of an audience? But she *did* build it up, and reared it lofty and large, despite the ungallant hands that refused their assistance, and the unmanly tongues that withheld the cheering tones of encouragement. Oh! triumph of triumph for the great contralto! Oh! happiest day of a life devoted to art! She has tamed the Lernean Hydra, trampled on its neck, and stopt the hissing of its hundred tongues! She has disappointed the critics, and made them bow subservient to the fiat of an English press, and an English audience. She has obtained a result, redounding to her glory as long as she lives, which no singer, under the same circumstances, ever before obtained. Respecting such an artist, what musical journal could be silent? We shall not attempt to record all that has been said and written of this extraordinary singer, even in the Parisian journals, which, though varied in their accounts, are unanimous in her praises; but, in addition to our present extracts relating to her *début*, we shall add, from time to time, notices respecting her performances in the French capital, as each and all of them must needs be invested with the greatest possible interest. Alboni is now the rage in Paris; the reaction was inevitable. She can hardly elevate herself one step higher in the temple of Art. But we are unintentionally led into encomiums on Alboni, when we were merely desirous of affording the reader an opportunity of judging of the effect she must have produced, by permitting him to peruse the French *feuilletons* devoted to her. And first let him hear "La Presse."

DEBUT OF MADLLE. ALBONI.

After Madlle. Alboni's *début* at the opera concerts, it was rumoured she would reappear there in the drama on her return from Prague. Was she frightened by the difficulty of singing in the French language? Did she fear that her velvet tones would become discordant through the mediation of our harsh consonants, and that her brilliant cadences would be lost in our *E muets*, which prove so rebellious to Italian throats? Or, indeed, has some unforeseen circumstances interfered, which crushed the former negotiations? However this may be, the result was, that, on Thursday last, the *Semiramide* was executed in a style of completeness and magnificence, the remembrance of which it will take a long time to efface from the memory of the visitors. The company was unanimous in its appreciation. Grisi, at her entrance, was received with the most frantic applause. On the contrary, when Alboni appeared, a profound silence reigned, and it was not until she had given her first song, that the bravos broke forth like a hurricane.

It was impossible to say, in a more delicate manner, "You, Giulia Grisi, are our favorite *cantatrice*; for many years you have made us experience the noblest sensations derivable from art and beauty; be not afraid, we shall not prove ungrateful; we shall not sacrifice you to your young rival. We shall applaud you above all, for we feel assured that you will justify our admiration before this stranger,"—and to the *debutante*, "Be not thou intimidated; we are impartial judges. If you be what the world have named you, show your title, and we will present the hand to you, and lead you to the golden throne of the *prima-donna* which awaits you."

Thursday evening proved, though many anticipated a very different result, a veritable triumph for Grisi. Never did she produce so tremendous an effect as she did front to front with her redoubtable rival. Pre-eminent still in beauty and in voice, pre-eminent in all the mysteries of her art, she became radiant, refulgent, appeared commoved by some internal mystic sway, and sang and acted as she never sang and acted before. She was splendid and sonorous; a flame and a crystal. It demanded all the intrepidity

of Arsace not to shrink before this beaming luminary, and perhaps the greatest victory ever Alboni achieved, was not suffering herself to be conquered on this occasion. Even Coletti seemed to have caught some sparks from this kindling light. *Semiramide* was performed as it was never performed before in Paris.

What a precious acquisition will Alboni prove to M. Vatel; since, in addition to the admirable talent and the superb and exquisite voice she brings him in her own person, she appears to have restored Grisi to him at twenty-four years of age, in all the éclat of her beauty, in all the freshness of her youth, and all the enthusiasm of her art; and to have stricken fires from Coletti, who is usually contented to be an excellent singer, but has certainly no pretensions to the *diable au corps*. Without fearing to prove a false prophet, one may foretell a glorious harvest which M. Vatel will reap at the Italiens by the end of the season.

The influenza, by no means sensible to the charms of music, has seized upon Duprez, and strangled the increasing success of *Jerusalem*. For any other theatre this would be a calamity irremediable; happily feet are not subject to sore throats, and Carlotta Grisi, reappearing in the *Diable à Quatre*, has restored the opera to its pristine brilliancy, has renovated the appearance of the house, and replenished the treasury, as is usual with her. This *rentrée* was one of the most signal triumphs ever witnessed at the opera on any occasion. The continued bravos, the torrents of applause, the gloves broken in their enthusiasm, the chorus of canes, the recalls, the avalanches of bouquets, nothing was wanting to complete the ovation. Should the divine Carlotta make her *rentrée* every day her reception would be the same.—THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

Our contemporary, the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, thus eulogises Alboni; and the praises are worthy of attention as coming from one who has shown himself no partisan of any artist.

DEBUT OF MADLLE. ALBONI IN "SEMIRAMIDE"

Nothing was more simple and more natural than that Alboni should have gone to the Italian Theatre, it was the place marked out for her; but that she should have gone there, after having passed through the theatre of the French Grand Opera, after an interval of about two months, was indeed something *bizarre* and extraordinary. It must be allowed, that the affair has been bungled in a singular manner, excepting as far as concerned the *cantatrice*, who has reaped all the advantage in honour and in money.

When Alboni left Paris, she proceeded to Perth, and returned to Vienna. At Pesth she played in the *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Maria di Rohan*, and gave a third representation at a concert. At Vienna she also gave a concert, on the 20th of November last, in the theatre An-der-wien, and obtained a prodigious success. We have seen the programme of this concert, and remarked among the *morceaux* sung by the Italian vocalist, the famous air from Gluck's *Orfeo*, "Che farò senza Euridice," which she sang, accompanied only on the piano, as Madame Pasta used to sing it, and with the same simple beauty of style, and the same warmth of sentiment. In the three other *morceaux*, which followed Gluck's air, the cavatina of *Niobe*, the rondo finale from *Cenerentola*, and the famous *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*, Madlle. Alboni absolutely electrified the audience, and transported them to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that they encored the *Brindisi* three times, the music of which is, after all, simply mediocre. Who could have foreseen that this poor *cantalene* could have transformed itself into a triumphal song?

From Vienna, Alboni retraced her steps towards Paris, to debut there on the day previously appointed. She appeared on Thursday last in the character of Arsace, in *Semiramide*, and, as if everything which concerns the singer was destined to be original, not a single bravo saluted her on her entrance. A complete silence reigned throughout the house, even until the moment when the fair vocalist commenced her aria, and gave evidence of the admirable tones of that voice so powerful, and yet so moderated in its power. The silence did not endure long, and the *cantatrice* soon regained the applauses and acclamations to which her ear has been accustomed. However, to be exact in all things, it was not in the recitative, "Ecce mi alfin in Babilonia," nor in the cavatina which follows, nor even in the duo with Assur, that Alboni displayed the astonishing power and intense beauty of her voice; but in her two duos with Semi-

ramide, in the aria of the second act, when Arsace learns that he is the son of Ninus, and that he is destined to avenge his father's death, that the artiste accomplished her revelation, and established herself as the consummate singer she has been represented, wherever she has hitherto appeared. After the two duos, she obtained a double recall, and was encored in the aria; which was nothing less than the strictest justice accorded by the audience, who had seemed at first determined to shew themselves as frigidly just as a jury in a court of assize, and not allow themselves to be surprised into the least demonstration of favor. We know that it is often one of the manias of our good public, with whom one loses nothing by having a little patience: artistes and authors know the rest.

It is, indeed, a long time since we have witnessed at the Theatre-Italien a representation so splendid. We had heard it rumoured that Made. Grisi was afraid to sing alongside of Alboni. What necessity was there for this? Made. Grisi was never more magnificent, and never received more enthusiastic applause than she did on Thursday last in the character of Semiramide, one of the most exquisite flowers of her queenly crown. Never did she produce a greater effect in the concerted phrases, which were rendered with a talent equal to her best day. The greatest artistes, far from lessening each other's effects in conjunction, only serve as stimuli to make more manifest their power and their genius. Rubini would never have sung so marvellously in the duet from the *Mosé* if he had not had Tamburini for a second, and for a rival. Coletti sang very well in the part of Assur. Tagliafico was more than respectable in the role of the grand priest. The tenor alone enjoyed the privilege of amusing the assembly with notes of doubtful intonation, and with a quality of voice which recalled a generation of singers long since lost.

One of the merits of Alboni, in the character of Arsace, was her having truly the air of a young man at once proud-looking and handsome, whom a Semiramide might have regarded with eyes of envy, and might have judged capable of wielding the sceptre. We have only one fault to find with this magnificent artiste; her little mustachios, which realised the idea of a royal officer of cavalry, might have been very well dispensed with. We respectfully advise the fair artiste to forego this item of costume, which has nothing traditional to recommend it. R.

Alboni will shortly have to appear in a new character at the Italiens,—*Tancredi* or *Cenerentola* is named. We shall then have further, and more critical notices of the great contralto to lay before our readers, as they appear in the Parisian journals.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

THE Fourth Chamber Concert took place at Erat's Harp Saloon, on Monday evening. The following vocal and instrumental programme was performed:—

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|---|-------------------|
| Sonata in A, Op. 47, dedicated to Kreutzer, Piano-forte and Violin, Miss Clara Sterling, (her first appearance at these Concerts), and Mr. A. Streather | Beethoven. |
| Duet, (MS., first time of performance), Miss Solomon (her first appearance at these Concerts), and Mr. W. H. Seguin. | Brinley Richards. |
| Two Songs (first time of performance), Miss Duval (imitated from the German by E. Buxton, Esq.) | C. E. Horsley. |
| Quartet, No. 2, in D minor (MS.), two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello, Messrs. John Day, A. Streather, R. Hughes (his first appearance at these Concerts), and W. Lovell Phillips | James Calkin. |
| An interval of ten minutes. | |
| Duet in E minor Op. 9, (first time of performance), two Pianofortes, Messrs. F. B. Jewson and Lindsay Sloper | Lindsay Sloper. |
| Recit. and Air, Mr. W. H. Seguin (MS. first time of performance) | C. E. Stephens. |
| "The Mother's song," Miss Cubitt | Küchen. |
| Quartet in C (No. 6), Messrs. A. Streather, J. Day, R. Hughes, and W. Lovell Phillips | Mozart. |
| Trio, "Complaint," Miss Solomon, Miss Cubitt, and Miss Duval | Leonhart. |
| The Vocal Music accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mr. Brinley Richards. | |
| Director for the Evening, Mr. Walter C. Macfarren. | |

The sonata of Beethoven should only be attempted in public by first-rate executants, a distinction to which Miss Clara Sterling and Mr. A. Streather can hardly aspire. Miss Clara Stirling should have been less ambitious on the occasion of her *debut*; she would have been likely to make more impression in a sonata of moderate difficulty.

Mr. Brinley Richards' duet is pleasing but not remarkably original; it is well voiced, and, although Miss Solomon supplied Miss Steele's place, at a short notice, she seconded Mr. W. H. Seguin very assiduously in its interpretation.

Mr. Charles Horsley's songs are both charming and musician-like—the latter especially, which only sins inasmuch as it is too close an imitation of Mendelssohn. Miss Duval sang them well, and deserved the encore accorded to the second, "To thee, to thee, my words are flying." The words of these songs, by E. Buxton, Esq. display a fine ear and a graceful style; the first, perhaps, borders a little too closely on the freedom of the Anacreontic style, but the elegance of the verses wins a pardon for the voluptuousness of the sentiment, and the thin covering which only half hides the nakedness of the prime incident, and is as easily torn away as the veil which the poet has placed upon the bosom of his Blonda. *Fi donc*—we are becoming Puritans! Mr. Buxton, we beg your pardon.

Mr. Calkin's quartet is an old acquaintance, and we have nothing to remark but the excellence of its performance by Messrs. John Day, A. Streather, R. Hughes, and Lovell Phillips. Mr. R. Hughes' first appearance in so unpretending a position as that of tenor, is a guarantee of his modesty, as his playing is a guarantee of his talent.

The interval of ten minutes lasted more than a quarter of an hour.

Mr. Lindsay Sloper's duet is the work of an accomplished and elegant musician. We liked it when played by the author last year, at his own request, in conjunction with Mr. Benedict, and we liked it as much again on Monday night—a proof that its qualities are sterling. It was faultlessly executed by Mr. Jewson and the composer, and was highly admired by the *connoisseurs*.

Mr. C. E. Stephens's recitative and air offers no point for praise, and none for blame but its entire want of character. M. Seguin did his best for it.

Kücken's song is a piece of insipid twaddle; we hope Miss Cubitt did not select it for herself. The young lady will doubtless respond, "I was encored!"—which does not prove the song to have been good.

Mozart's quartet, a mine of genius, and a storehouse of science, was well performed, but not so well as Mr. Calkin's! Mr. Day, for Mozart's sake, should have retained his post as first violin.

Of the trio of Leonhart (who is Leonhart?) we only heard the first phrase, but that was quite enough.

Mr. Brinley Richards presided at the piano with the ability for which he is known, and the post of director of the evening was honorably and assiduously sustained by Mr. Walter Cecil Macfarren. On the whole the compositions and performances at this meeting gave us little reason to hope that the society is making any progress. Let us trust that the programme of the fifth meeting, on Monday evening, Dec. 27, may be more attractive and more promising.

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On Thursday morning, at 12 o'clock, we were summoned to the Hanover Square Rooms, to hear the following programme of untried works by the members and associates.

Overture	J. Thomas.
Song, "Yes, dear to memory," Miss Cubitt	J. F. Day.
Canzonet, "Moonlight," Miss Duval	J. J. Haits.
Duet, "How moonlight gems," Miss Williams and Mr. Ferrari	Brinley Richards
Symphony in E flat	Wm. Baly.
Recitative, "Come, pensive sage,"	Mr. St. Albin. H. C. Banister.
Air, "Come, and o'er my longing soul,"	
Terzetto, "How calm," Miss Stewart, Miss E. Turner, and Miss Duval	W. S. Rockstro.
Canzonet, "I am thine," Mr. Wroughton	C. E. Stephens.
Song, "The rose," Miss Steele	Brinley Richards.
Overture in C.	A. Mitchell.
Duet, "Our home is the forest green," Miss A. and M. Williams	Brinley Richards

At present we shall offer no criticism on these compositions. The committee must first pronounce their verdict; the critic may then assume the privilege of the *Cour de Cassation*, and confirm or set it aside; the latter happens but too often. One word, however:—the symphony of Mr. Baly, and the overture of Mr. Thomas (both R. A. M., we believe), are guarantees that the younger members have both means and aspirations. *Tant mieux*—but what has become of all the older members? Have they run away from the society like rats?—Fye upon them.

The following gentlemen (according to the printed circular) assisted in the orchestra, which was more numerous than excellent:—Mr. F. Eames (leader). Violins: Messrs. Betts, W. Dawson, J. Day, E. Deane, Gattie, Jay, Hill, Newsham, Newson, E. Perry, Spillane, S. J. Stephens, A. Streather, Thirlwall, W. Watson, T. Westrop, and H. Wheatly. Tenors: Messrs. R. Blagrove, Graves, Weslake, Gledhill, Gleadow, and J. F. Day. Violoncellos: Messrs. Phillips, Quinton, Guest, and Calkin. Double Basses: Messrs. Giles, Pratten, C. Severn, and Reynolds. Piccolo: Mr. R. S. Rockstro. Oboes: Messrs. G. Horton and Crozier. Clarionets: Messrs. Lazarus and Wilson. Bassoons: Messrs. W. Chisholm and Baker. Horns: Messrs. Callcott, B. Hooper, Catchpole, and Stock. Trumpets: Messrs. Harper and Macfarlane. Trombones: Messrs. Smithies, N. Johnson, and B. Healey. Drums: Mr. Horton. The trial was under the direction of Mr. A. Nicholson.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS.—(From a Correspondent.)—December 8, 1847.—According to promise, my dear friend, I send you an account of all that has occurred, musical or antimusical, since the last few days. The witty and paradoxical letters of your correspondent, D. (who has left Paris for a time), continue to give birth to rumours of excellent augury in the etherial region of that musical infirmary which it has been agreed to baptize by the name of the *Academie Royale de Musique*. Our magnanimous directors disturb themselves very little, read the letters of Miss Birch, go to the *Italiens* when they can, and to the Opera when they cannot do otherwise, enter into a treaty with Verdi, for 1848, and will not hear of any one but him. The affair is regulated, concluded, decided, and Verdi remains at Paris for the winter. We shall have eleven operas by him, or, at any rate, eleven translations, during the eleven years duration of the privilege. Next year *I Masnadieri*! And yet, according to some silly friend of ours, I forget whom, "*Popera ne FLEURIT plus depuis qu'il d VERDI.*"*

The grippe is playing the deuce with us all; Duprez, aux abois, abois; Alisard que rien n'étonne, tonne et detonne; Portheaut has neither the name nor the voice of a chanteur

chaleureux; Mad. Julian orie — tres bien; but nobody sings, except the public, which leaves the theatre, humming a parody of one of the most lugubrious verses of Dante:—

"Ricordati di noi qu' andiammo via."

While we are speaking of the Opera, allow me, my dear friend, to cite some verses suggested to one of our waggish journalists, by the *comique* of the situation, which, it is hardly necessary to remind you, are a free imitation of one of the finest passages of our great Racine:—

"Ce superbe Ténor, qu'on voyait autrefois,
Plein d'une noble ardeur, faire obeir sa voix,
L'œil morne, maintenant, et la tête baissée,
Partage du public la lugubre pensée.
Un effroyable cri, qui ne sort pas des flots,
Des airs, en ce moment, a troublé le repos,
Et du fond de la salle, une claque effroyable
Repond en rugissant à ce cri redoutable.
Jusqu' au fond de nos cœurs, notre sang s'est glacé;
Du parler attentif le poil s'est hérissé.
Cependant sur le dos d'un petit auteur vide,
S'élève à gros bouillons une montagne aride;
Elle approche, le brise, et vomit à nos yeux,
Parmi des flots d'écume un chanteur furieux.
Son front semble agrandir sa bouche menaçante
Tout son corps est couvert de sueur jaunissante;
Indomptable taureau, dragon impétueux,
L'ut, chez lui, se recourbe en replis tortueux;
Ses longs mugissements font trembler le rivage;
L'orchestre, avec horreur, voit le monstre sauvage;
Le public s'en émeut, il en est affecté,
Le flot qui l'apporta, veut être remporté.
Tout fuit et sans s'armer d'un courage inutile
Au théâtre voisin, chacun cherche un asyle!
Les moyens sont partis et sourds à cette foix
Ils ne connaissent plus ni le frein, ni la voix;
En efforts impuissans sa rage se consume,
Il rougit tous ses mots d'une sanglante écume.
On dit qu'on a vu même, en ce désordre affreux,
Un Dieu, qui du Ténor, pressait les flancs poudreux...
Il crie aux claquetins, et sa voix les effraie;
Il hurle... son gosier n'est bientôt qu'une plaie.
De ses cris douloureux la salle retentit,
Sa fougue impétueuse enfin se ralentit:
Il s'arrête non loin de ces tombeaux antiques
Ou des ténors anciens sont les froides reliques....
"Le ciel," dit-il, "m'arrache une innocente voix..."
Ces mots sont les derniers du ténor aux abois."

But, to return once more to the abominable compilation, which has been adorned with the pompous title of "opera in four acts and seven tableaux," and would be much more aptly designated, "opera in seven scenes, music by Ciceri, words by Philastre and Cambon"—in short of *Jerusalem*. Our excellent and *spirituel* Janin said, the other day, that this work had but one solitary advantage:—"La partition était tellement noircie de notes, qu'une puce un peu hardie pourrait y faire ses incongruités sans que cela fût remarqué."† Is not this a criticism at once slashing and picturesque; Janin alone was capable of it. *Jerusalem!* The very name made the good PERSUIS‡ afraid, when the subject was proposed to him:—"No, no," said he, shaking his venerable *perruque*; "Sacchini alone dare venture on such a theme!" It is true that Verdi was not a cotemporary of Persuis, or poor Sacchini would not have had such a compliment paid him. Oh, Hoffman—admirable Hoffman!—and thou Chatmurr, his worthy friend, his collaborateur, his counsellor—Hoffman, master of all of us! where wert thou when they dared to present before

* The painters and machinists of the Opera.

† We think it better not to translate the *bon mot* of friend J. J.—EDITOR.

‡ One of the unknowns whose names, in company with those of Beethoven and VERDI, are inscribed in the *foyer* of the Opera, where Mendelssohn and Spohr are forgotten.

* Our correspondent must excuse us from spoiling his puns by translation into a language less accommodating than his own.

those, who, like thyself, understand what is really beautiful in the absolute worship of that divine art, which is called poetry and music—when *Jerusalem*, by VERDI, was given? If, like us, thou hadst heard that incredible hubbub, springing from the complete arsenal of the instruments of copper and brass, fashioned in such sort that it were impossible for the most practised ear to detect in the midst of the bacchanal, any other effect than that of direct dissonance! Unhappy public! To listen to four acts of this infernal music! Have ye nor hearts nor ears! (The latter, perhaps, *too long*). And, yet there are in this world, persons so deprived of sense, so shameless, so insipid, as to dare to signalize this rubbish as “a work sparkling with energy, force and expression!”* Take an example:—A trifling passage (not *phrase*, for Verdi holds phraseology in contempt) for the violins *tremolo*, accompanied, or followed, by a high note for the *flauto piccolo*;—well, this trifling *tremolo* and this high note for the *piccolo* have been ludicrously qualified as *the rising of the sun*—and critics have been so hardy and so silly as to find parallels in Haydn (*Creation*), Beethoven (*the Pastoral Symphony*), Rossini, (*Moise*), &c. Such impious buffoonery is enough to make the hair of one's head stand on end;—to dare to cite these sublime, immortal, and unapproachable masterpieces, by the side of a trumpery burlesque! They must needs be unhappy beings, reduced to an incredible state of misery, who can accept, no matter for what salary, the unworthy office of applauding to the skies, of affecting enthusiasm, for four mortal hours, and smothering under an insolent clamor, the modest negative of persons of taste and intelligence—if there still be any such—who allow themselves to be humbugged by the lying representatives of an *affiche*, upon which figures pompously, in letters a foot long, the great name of JERUSALEM—*musica del celeberrimo maestro, illustrissimo Cavaliere Verdi!* Unhappy opera! Unhappy artists?

Let us hasten from the *Invalides* of the *Rue Pelletier*, and in the aristocratic theatre of the *Place Ventadour*, endeavour to obtain a place in the *coulouir*, or a corner in a box, where, perched *sur la pointe des oreilles*, the poor journalist, the Paria of the Parisian Theatres, may render an account of the magnificent success of Alboni, in the part of Arsace in *Semiramide*. There, if you please, is a great and beautiful voice; there, if you please, is a great singer; in this matter, my dear friend, I completely and absolutely espouse your sympathies, and that of your excellent correspondent, D. (whose absence is so much lamented by Paul Smith, Henri Blanchard, and the *loge de la commission*)—which, you are well aware is not invariably the case. Yes, Alboni is *une grande artiste*—or rather *un grand artiste*.† Who could desire more warmth, more energy, more *brio*?‡ Such as she is, we have heard nothing more complete, more perfect in Paris for many long years. She is not Pasta; she is not Malibran; she is not Pisaroni; she is not Grisi; but she is ALBONI—and that name says enough in all conscience! The papers, the reviews, and your private letters, have all, no doubt, detailed to you the astonishing triumph of this *cantatrice*: I shall, therefore, refrain from enumerating the bouquets, the ovations, the recalls, that have welcomed her on each successive evening. The *bouquetière* of the *Theatre Italien* is making a fortune and has already bought shares in the *chemin de fer du nord*; the *bouquetières* of the Opera have emptied their stores in supplying her;—is that not enough?

* Does our correspondent hint at M. Desnoyers, of the *Siècle*, who wrote the puff which Fiorentino nobly disdained to indite?—EDITOR.

† A distinction for which the English tongue has no synonyme.—EDITOR.

‡ An epithet exclusively Italian.—EDITOR.

But, I must tell you, that Giulia Grisi nobly divides the triumph with Alboni. The Norma disputes, step by step, the vocal throne of the *Italiens*. Like a generous steed that has, for some time, been overcome by a lazy sleep, the Grisi has awakened from her torpor, at the first prick of the spurs; she bounds, she rushes forward—or, as Theophile Gautier says, “she is *twenty-four*—she is sublime!” It is really an admirable spectacle, this duel between two great singers, who fight for the sceptre of Italian opera; since Malibran and Sontag we have lost sight of such generous and magnanimous rivalry. The *dilettanti* clap their hands; the treasurer is in ecstasies; the director (M. Vatel—the “*homme malheureux*” of Fiorentino) is in the seventh heaven. “Another *petit poulet*, like this, hatched and nourished at the *Academie Royale de Musique*,” says M. Vatel, “and behold my fortune made.” Kind M. Duponchel! Excellent M. Roqueplan! Lucky M. Vatel! He has promised us Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, with Grisi, Alboni, Mario, and Ronconi, as interpreters. This will be followed by the revival of *La Cenerentola*, with Alboni and Lablache. We were to have had the *Barbiere*, but it would have been unkind to Madame Persiani, and we must, consequently, wait till next year. I admire nothing more in Alboni than this repugnance to hurt the feelings of a sister artiste. Thus, you see, on this side of the *Boulevard*, all prospers; the season is rich, and we are promised marvels:—here, I may safely prophecy that the mountain is not in labour with a mouse, as in the instance of the wretched *Jerusalem*.*

The *Opera Comique* is sleeping on its ancient *repertoire*; the director promises that the awakening shall be a thunder-clap—an opera of Auber, with a great display of decorations and costumes, an unprecedented luxury in the *mise en scene*—and last, not least, Roger for the principal tenor part.

At the *Theatre National* there has been nothing. The public neglects it—which, thanks to *Gastibelza*, is not a gross injustice.

Alexander Dumas is preparing *Hamlet* for immediate production, at the *Theatre Historique*. Yes, my friend, *Hamlet*! You Englishmen will start at this great name. And *Hamlet* too, re-touched, arranged—Shakspeare arranged by Alexander Dumas! *Que voulez vous?* The ridiculous is so close to the sublime. I will let you know the result of this adventure.

A thousand friendly greetings to Berlioz. Tell him that I have sent a biography of him to Germany, as complete and minutely detailed as possible, where his *portrait* has already had a *succès de vogue*. And this was not *par petit besoin*; I assure you:—why—*ce diable homme*—why does he compose so many fine things!—why he is so wild, so grand, so original, so sublime? Adieu, my friend, always yours,

D. COPPELIUS.

N. B.—Do not forget, that in the midst of the *grippe*, the fear of the *cholera*, and the unhappy condition of business, the *Carnival* will begin in a few days. The first *bal masqué* at the Opera is fixed for the 18th. We shall have balls at the Opera, the *Opera Comique*, the *Varités*, the *Ambigu*, &c. &c. At Paris we dance, and we laugh, by the side of a corpse, in the face of public misery. What is it to Paris, after all—or to the corpse and the sufferers?

PARIS, December 4.—(From another Correspondent).—My dear — In promising to give you, from time to time, some news about musical Paris, I had quite forgotten the singular reputation which your correspondent D. gave me in the eyes

* “D'un souris,” adds our correspondent—“qu'elle sourit!”—Untranslatable again.—EDITOR.

of your readers, in one of his spiritual letters upon Paris. To justify his words, I should "know everything and everybody, the reason of everything, and the peculiarities of everybody." Such qualities would indeed be a precious acquisition for a correspondent; but alas! I do not merit the honor; for, although I know a great many persons, I know very few things—as the sequel will show.

Not having been to the *Académie Royale* since the concerts of Alboni, I am ignorant of what has taken place in the theatre, behind the scenes, or in the bureau of the administration.

As I rarely go to the *Théâtre des Italiens* I can tell you nothing further than that the stock operas lately have been *Semiramide*, *Lucia*, *Il Barbiere*, and *Norma*.

At the *Opéra Comique* you are aware that a new work by Auber is in preparation. Within the last few days they have revived the same admirable composer's opera of *Fra Diavolo*, that charming work, which swarms with delicious melodies, and offers the greatest interest in its refined and spiritual orchestration. It was sung to perfection, and obtained as much success as on the occasion of its first production. In this opera all is fresh and new—nothing has become stale—nor the form of the *morceaux*, nor the melodies; all breathes the *verve* and the grace that are peculiar to Auber.

The *Opéra National* is still giving *Gastibelza*, *Aline*, *Une bonne Fortune*,* while *Felix* and *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau* are in preparation.

The concerts are beginning. Two have already taken place in the room of the *Conservatoire*. The first was given by M. Wekerlin, a Frenchman, in spite of his thoroughly German name. M. Wekerlin came before the public as a man of courage and ambition; his programme comprised an overture, some vocal pieces, French and Arabian choruses, and an ode-symphony, entitled *Roland*, which I regret that I was unable to hear. M. Wekerlin is a young composer with a fine prospect before him; he possesses more science than is general at his age; he instruments well, writes well for the voices, and chiefly sins by the too great complacency with which he accepts the melodic ideas that present themselves to his fancy; these, with the exception of the "Chœur Arabe," a charming *morceau*, well designed, well written, and received with great favor, are wanting in originality.

At the other concert we had Felicien David, with a new symphony and his oratorio, *Moïse au Mont Sinai*, as the chief attractions of his programme. The first part of the symphony denotes a progress in the composer, inasmuch as it is modelled on a larger plan and one more worthy of a symphony than in his first.† This movement betrays a marked predilection for a composer whose premature death, alas! we must ever lament,—you understand that I allude to MENDELSSOHN. But, far from reproaching M. David for this new phenomenon of his style, I signalise it with pleasure, since the resemblance has been useful to him, and, despite of certain analogies in the manner of conducting the development of the principal theme, and in the melodic forms, it has enabled him to manifest a refined and vigorous style of instrumentation, especially in the quartet. The *andante* had still greater success—thanks to a theme of, perhaps, too great simplicity, and to certain effects of instrumentation purely physical, which agreeably tickle the ear; in addition to which it is composed with the hand of a master, and interests the musician by the ability with which it is written. The *scherzo*, which is a regularly developed *finale*

pleased me less; the principal theme is a kind of *fandango*, and the length of the movement is not compensated by any strokes of genius, either in the melody or in the orchestral combinations. In *Moïse* there are some beautiful passages—for example, the instrumental introduction, a romance with chorus, cleverly sung by Mademoiselle Grimm, of the *Opéra Comique*, and a duet and chorus, interpreted to perfection by the same charming vocalist, and her admirable *camarade*, Roger. I hear that Felicien David will go to London, next season; for which reason I abstain from entering into details that you will be able to describe to your readers much more satisfactorily than is in my power. I have seen Meyerbeer, who says nothing about either the *Africaine*, or the *Prophète*; but much about *Le Camp de Silesie*, which he hopes to hear performed in London.

The *Conservatoire*, you will be pleased to hear, is preparing an address to the widow of the immortal Mendelssohn, of which the composition has been entrusted to M. Maurice Bourges.*

There, "old fellow"—I have said all I have to say. I write to prove to you that I can keep my promises, at the risk of losing, in the estimation of your numerous readers, the reputation of *one who knows everything*. Good bye—your devoted

HENRY PANOFKA.

LEIPZIG, Dec. 8, 1847.—(From our own Correspondent.)—

I have perused with great interest the articles which have appeared in the last few numbers of your valuable *World*, respecting the "immortal Mendelssohn." To every member of the musical profession, and every sincere admirer of the art, it must be gratifying to see that England shows her appreciation of the great merits of "the Mozart of the nineteenth century," whom it has been the will of divine Providence so suddenly to remove from this earthly scene, and does honor to him whose "memory lives, and will live in all hearts that beat with holy rapture for the beautiful, the noble, and the true." I am glad to see that the enthusiastic spirit of your talented correspondent, at Paris, finds so many congenial hearts among the brethren in London, and gives such assurance that the project for raising a "commemoration to the immortal Mendelssohn shall be carried out and brought to a glorious and successful termination." In my last I gave you a hurried description of the funeral obsequies, as they were celebrated at Leipzig; but, I omitted to state that number three of the fifth book of the "*Lieder ohne Worte*" was arranged by Professor Moscheles for the mournful occasion, and performed by the band as the solemn *cortège* wended its way towards that church where the last rites were performed. I also stated that Meyerbeer was present at the ceremony, which, I have since been informed, was not correct. In the article you have extracted from the *Journal des Debats*, I think a few errors have, by some means, crept. First: It states, that "the obsequies of Mendelssohn Bartholdy were celebrated on Saturday, November the 6th," which is incorrect, as they were celebrated on Sunday the 7th ultimo. Secondly: That "during the ceremony, several *morceaux* of Handel were performed," which, if you will refer to my list of what was performed, you will find was not the case; but the greatest error is, that "whilst the reverend pastor (who, by the way, bears the name of Howard, and not Boerwig) pronounced the funeral oration, three professors from Dresden were occupied in taking a portrait of Mendelssohn, whose body was placed in an open coffin, having the brow

* A one-act operetta, by Adolph Adam, the director.

† Qy. Are there not already two symphonies by this composer known to the public?

* Let us hope that this address will be couched in language less frigid than that of a paper upon Mendelssohn from the same hand, which appeared in a late number of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

bound with a crown of laurel." The absurdity of such a statement is too gross to allow it to pass current. In the first place the *coffin was not open*, and, in the second, no one would have been permitted to take a portrait of the illustrious deceased *in the church, and during the funeral solemnities!* Such was not the case; the coffin was *closed* and raised upon a pedestal, covered with a "sable velvet pall," and decorated with palm branches, wreaths, &c. By this you will see that "the French version"—so singularly graceful and *unaffectedly* simple—a masterpiece of *unadorned* prose!—is far too learned and romantic! On Thursday evening, Nov. 11, a concert, in memory of the great departed one, was given in the Gewand Haus; the first part consisted of his music entirely, including his last compositions, one of which might almost be looked upon as prophetic of his own approaching dissolution, the words being, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," &c. I need hardly say how these works were listened to with breathless attention by a crowded audience. Rehearsals of his *Elijah* have commenced; it is to be performed here some time in February next. This great work has not yet been performed in Leipzig, therefore you may easily imagine the hearing is looked forward to with great anxiety. The musical public of the various towns in England, who were fortunate enough to hear its interpretation, under the direction of the mighty composer himself, and the orchestras who have had the honor of working under his guidance, ought, indeed, to be proud and cherish the memory of him, and his "greatest work," to their dying hour! An artiste of Leipzig, by name, Knauer, has exhibited a very successful model of a bust, taken after death, which will shortly be ready for sale. The price will be twelve shillings, for casts in plaster of Paris, and eighteen shillings, in porcelain. Doubtless, numbers of his musical admirers and friends in London, and elsewhere, will be anxious to obtain a faithful likeness of the departed "Prince of Musicians," and I would take the liberty, through your medium, of advising them to send their names, to be attached to the subscription list *HERE*, and *thereby* secure the *best and most perfect* models, which will be given to the subscribers. On Monday, the 29th ult., a concert, supported by some of the pupils of the Conservatorium took place, before a large audience, and concluded very satisfactorily. The gems of the evening were, the first movement of Moscheles' brilliant and masterly pianoforte concerto, in E flat, with orchestral accompaniments, played by Herr Michel de Sentis, from Warsaw (who, ere long, will be one of our first pianoforte performers), in a manner highly creditable to himself and worthy of the composition, and the first movement of Beethoven's concerto in C minor, given by Miss Emma Jardine, from London, who made her *debut* before a Leipzig audience on this occasion, and played with great taste, spirit, and neatness of execution, and elicited loud applause. Herr Alexander Winterberger, from Weimar, performed Moscheles' "Recollections of Ireland," with *clat*. Herr Julius Riccius, from Bernstadt, Herr Anton Metzler, from Zwickau, and Herr Wilhelm Gertz, from Hanover, severally performed violin concertos, from De Beriot, Ferd. David (professor and music director in Leipzig), and Vieuxtemps, with success. On Thursday, 2nd instant, Mendelssohn's wonderful inspiration, "Die Erste Walpurgis Nacht," was finely performed in the presence of his Majesty, the King of Saxony. The solo parts were sung by Mdlle. Schloss, Herr Wiedemann, Herr Behr, and Herr Pögnier. The singing of Herr Behr, especially, elicited the warmest applause. He has a bass voice of magnificent quality, and sings most artistically. Mendelssohn himself, on a previous occasion, com-

plimented him very highly upon his interpretation of the above work. To-morrow we shall have a fine concert (No. 8 of the subscription), when a new manuscript symphony, by Professor Gade, conductor of the concerts, will be performed, of which report speaks very highly. Willmers, the pianist, also plays Weber's "Concert Stuck," and a composition of his own. J. A. B.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MENDELSSOHN.

A speechless grief pervades each minstrel breast,
Euterpe mourns in silence o'er his tomb;
No words so wild a phrensy e'er exprest,
As that which sheds through Europe's heart a gloom.
Yes, thou art gone! and o'er thy hallowed shrine,
Proud hearts, with unfeigned reverence, will bend;
And noble minds, that knew the worth of thine,
To deep remorse their warmest feelings lend.
As summer flowers, mown down before their time,
Are dead at noon, nor live their little day,
So drooped thy head in manhood's fullest prime,
And, meteor-like, thy spirit passed away.
Though chilling damps have circled thee around,
And Death's cold arms have clasped thy mortal frame,
Thy memory lives, thy praises will resound
While lips have power to breathe thy honoured name.
An earthly muse shall vainly strive to tell
The sense refined—the noble genius given
To thee, whose mem'ry in our hearts will dwell,
Till called to join thy harmony in heaven.

ANNA MARIA PIPER.

MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE musical societies of Dublin, of which the following is a list, have all some time since commenced operations for the winter campaign. The Madrigal Society meets on every Monday evening, conductor, Mr. Geary; the Melophonic Society on every Tuesday evening, conductor, Mr. Murphy, jun.; the Philharmonic Society every Wednesday evening, conductor Mr. Bussell; the Ancient Concert Society on every Thursday evening, conductor, Mr. Joseph Robinson; the Anacreontic Society, conductor, Mr. Wilkinson; and the University Choral Society, conductor, Mr. Stewart, on every Friday evening; and the Amateur Harmonic Society on every Saturday evening, conductor, Mr. Glover.

The Philharmonic Society gave their first concert for this, their 22nd season, on Wednesday evening, the 1st December inst., in the Ancient Concert Rooms, Brunswick-street. The following was the programme:—

PART I.	
Sinfonia, (No. 1.)	Reissiger.
Quartet—"Spring's delights"	Orpheus.
Cavatina—"Quando o core"	Baccini.
Cantata—"Adelaide"	Beethoven.
Quartet—"Lovely night"	Orpheus.
Song—"The standard-bearer"	Lindpaintner.
Solo—Pianoforte, "Theme, Gustave"	J. W. Glover.
PART II.	
Overture—"Freyschutz"	Weber.
Duet—"Dunquo io son"	Rossini.
Solo—Clarinet, Signor Cavallini	Weber.
Song—"O come to the greenwood"	Mendelssohn.
Septett—"Pull away, boys"	Orpheus.
Overture—"Italiana in Algieri"	Rossini.

Reissiger's sinfonia, in E flat, was admirably performed by a first-rate orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. Bussell. The andante, in A flat, was given with great precision; and the final allegro, played with much fire and spirit, served admirably to develop the power of the orchestra. Beethoven's cantata formed an excellent expositor of its manifold beau-

ties, in the rich tenor voice, and fervent and impassioned style of Mr. Geary. He gave the allegro molto with all the abandonment the subject demanded, and on its conclusion was loudly and deservedly applauded. Mr. J. Werner Glover's fantasia on "Thème de Gustave" was performed by him with great power and brilliancy; the first variation, especially, where the subject is taken alternately by the right and left hand, amid arpeggio passages of lightning rapidity. The finale is light and brilliant, *à la Herz*. This movement winds up with an admirable fugue, and the original theme coming in as a counter-subject, has a novel, and at the same time a charming effect.

The first concert of the season of the Madrigal Society took place on Monday evening, the 6th December inst. The programme comprised madrigals by Bennett and Festa, which were steadily performed by a chorus consisting of nearly seventy voices, conducted by Mr. Geary.

Bellini's Duetto, "Vieni fra queste braccia," from *Puritani*, exquisitely sung by Mrs. Smith and Mr. Geary. Costa's terzetto, "Vanne a colei," charmingly rendered by Miss Searle, Mrs. Smith, and Mr. Geary. Kucken's harmonious duet for tenor and bass "Oh how sweet the hills away;" and, though last, not least, Carter's "Oh Nanny," harmonised for four voices, were among the vocal gems of the evening. The concert was crowded to overflowing.

Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was produced on last Thursday evening, at the Society of Ancient Concerts. As I look upon this performance as the most musically important of any that has occurred here, since the production of Handel's *Messiah* in 1741, I will defer any further observations until next week, when I promise you a full and detailed account. Suffice it, for the present, to say, that high art never achieved, in every respect, a more decided or eminently successful triumph—a triumph that will be long remembered by those who, like myself, were sufficiently fortunate to be present on the occasion.

C. B.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

LYCEUM.—Under the name of *The Tragedy Queen*, a comic piece, in one act, was produced on Monday, and achieved a success as complete as it was well-merited. Our readers are acquainted with the plot of the French drama, *Tiridate*, in which Mdlle. Fargueil made so great a sensation at Mr. Mitchell's charming little theatre. Well, Mr. John Oxenford, to whose accomplished and elegant pen we are indebted for the new piece at the Lyceum, adopting the incidents and dramatic progress of *Tiridate*, substituting Mrs. Bracegirdle (the celebrated cotemporary of Betterton, famous alike for her beauty, wit, amours, charities, and genius) for Dumesnil, Nathaniel Lee's *Alexander the Great* for a new tragedy of *Racine*, and otherwise metamorphosing the character and allusions, to give a colouring suitable to the change of *locale*, has produced a little one-act drama, which, naked as it is of startling and unexpected incident, sparkles from first to last with wit and humour of the most genial, graceful, and thoroughly racy kind. In Mr. Oxenford's version there is scarcely one word of the French dialogue; but what is substituted is of a far superior order. The piece was received throughout with roars of laughter, and the curtain descended amidst the most unequivocal demonstrations of pleasure and approval. The historical allusions, with which the piece abounds, the apt citations from Lee's bombastic play, the reference to places, things, and events of the epoch during which Mrs. Bracegirdle flourished (somewhat beyond the middle of the 18th century), all show the author's great familiarity

with the dramatic records of the period, while his masterly handling of them proves his unquestionable stage tact, and his thorough knowledge of effect. The part of Mrs. Bracegirdle was performed by Mrs. Stirling, almost as well as the parallel character of Dumesnil by the charming Fargueil, and she was deservedly recalled at the fall of the curtain. The other parts were zealously sustained by Miss Marshall, Mr. Frank Matthews, and a Mr. Parselle, although the zeal of the last-named gentleman was more to be commended than his ability. The costumes and scene were appropriate to the *The Tragedy Queen* is played now every night, and which has given a fillip to the business of the Lyceum—which was in want of something new.

SADLER'S WELLS.—On Friday se'nnight the comedy of *The Steward* was revived here. This play is of Scotch origin, and was altered and adapted to the metropolitan stage many years ago. The chief interest lies in the schemes of Item, the villainous steward, to build his fortune on the ruin of his master, a cold-blooded profligate gamester, who fixes, or suffers to be affixed, the stain of illegitimacy on his legitimate daughter, for what purpose we could not very clearly understand. The character, which is unredeemed by any strength in the drawing, was committed to Mr. Marston, who however failed to relieve it of its heavy and offensive features. Mr. Younge, as the Steward, was excellent, smooth, close, and shrewd. Mr. Roskins, as the lover, and Mrs. Marston, as the Abigail, who speaks English in the style of Mrs. Malaprop, kept the audience in good humor. The play was received with approbation by a well filled house, but we do not think that, on the whole, the revival has been a very judicious one. The piece, which is of the Morton and Holcroft school, is not a good specimen of its kind. If the visitors of Sadler's Wells persist in liking these plays, they might have better things of the sort. There is Morton for instance, with his five-act farces.—(Does the reader remember Elliston and Munden in them?)—Then there is O'Keefe—better still. The comic strength of the company here is quite equal to the performance of such pieces.

FRENCH PLAYS.—We have been confirmed in our opinion, expressed last week, that the present is a good working company, and in every respect qualified to act up to the stars, as they may alternate both in the serious and comic line; we may also venture to state that, now that we are better able to discriminate, we are less inclined to qualify our praise; in the first place we make the *amende* to M. Montaland whom indisposition alone prevented from giving full scope to his abilities. Mr. Fechter has justified the opinion we expressed of his talents; and Mr. Josset is decidedly an excellent comic actor, with a slight touch of the burlesque, without, however, descending to the vulgar. It would be ungallant entirely to leave out the ladies: of these Madlles. Baptiste and Berthe deserve honorable mention at our hands. The selection has hitherto been good as regards the pieces. *Le chef d'œuvre Inconnu* is one of those little homely dramas, in the construction of which the French are supereminent. It is like a cabinet picture, domestic in its interest, interesting as regards the subject, highly finished in all its details, delicately and artistically handled, with as many personages as are necessary to bring out into strong relief the conception of the author. Here we have the conflict of two passions brought into direct antagonism—the love of an artist, a sculptor, for his mistress, and his devotion to his art; the former triumphs over the latter, and the crown destined for the living genius is placed on the forehead of the dead victim, who has generously sacrificed his own dreams of glory and distinction to the honor

of her whom he loved. M. Fechter's conception of the part pleased us in many respects; his acting was natural, and in the passionate scenes he elicited much applause; let him, however, be careful to restrain over-exuberance of feeling; this is a common fault with young actors, and mars not unfrequently their best of parts. We should also advise more attention to the filling up of those little minutiae, both of gait and manner, which distinguish the perfect master of his art, and which have placed Bouffé at the top of his profession; in short we should advise M. Fechter to be his part, and nothing but his part. "Le Reveil du Lion," is the original of the "Roused Lion," now being played at the Haymarket. It is worthy of remark, that the opening scene, which, in the translations appeared to us so interminably long as to tax our patience to the utmost, loses all its monotony in the original; the cause may partly arise from the heaviness of the language too literally translated, from the allusions not understood by an English audience. M. Cartigny was in his natural element in the part of the old gentleman, he revelled in fun, when victimising Mauléon; was in every respect a gentleman in his gallant scenes, a perfect compound of the *muscadin* of the directory and the *beau* of the empire, whilst in the pathetic passages he was forcible and persuasive. M. Montaland was excellent in the part of Hector Mauléon, the modern lion, lively, animated, and sarcastic by turns, he kept the house in a roar from beginning to end. Madame Valmy did justice to the retired opera dancer—yet we regret we had not a Mrs. Keely in the part. How well Dejazet would do it! Mademoiselle Berthe deserves a word of praise—she is lady-like and uncommonly pleasing in her deportment.

J. de C—

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.
THE MENDELSSOHN MONUMENT.

SIR,—The question whether the English nation should or should not erect a tribute to the memory of the great, the good, the gifted Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, appears to me to be a matter now placed beyond the reach of doubt, or controversy,—to be a thing absolutely fixed and determined on. Not so the nature, manner, and form of this proposed erection, which still seem matters of difficulty and discussion. It is fixedly resolved that some kind of honorary memento shall be raised, but the exact nature of that memento is not so fixedly determined on. I would wish, with your permission, to offer a few observations upon the subject.

That part of the question, as to whether the monument intended to be erected, should be a bust or a full length statue of the late eminent composer, I apprehend may easily be decided and dismissed forthwith. All will admit and pronounce in favour of the superiority of the statue in preference to the simple bust; and the only difficulty or obstacle at all likely to be raised to our having the former, can be as to the insufficiency of the funds to meet the greater expence of a statue. But the English people have been rarely known to fail in acknowledging (after death, at any rate) the merits of genius, and if an appeal were made for their assistance, the monies accumulated, I make no doubt of it, would be amply sufficient to erect a statue, and a very noble statue, instead of a small bust.

Supposing, then, that the bust yields to the statue; then arises the question, which with the bust never could have arisen; whether the statue should be erected in the open air, or within one of the metropolitan music halls or concert rooms. Your clever Parisian correspondent gives his vote in favour of the open air erection, and suggests Hanover-Square as an appropriate site for the statue.

Now, I must confess, I cannot look upon the scheme for raising an out-of-door statue of Mendelssohn in the metropolis, without fear and trembling. The out-of-door statues throughout London are anything but comforting and encouraging. That we have not improved of late in this particular is very manifest, if we consider the last *alfresco* statue erected. Need I mention, that butt for the ridicule and laughter of Europe, that target for the jokes of the whole universe, the "Arch-Duke" at Hyde Park-corner?

It is very true, that the task of modelling the statue of Mendelssohn

may be entrusted to some artist, whose acknowledged merits will ensure the correctness and artistic beauty of the work. But still, if placed in a metropolitan thoroughfare, it cannot fail to be catalogued with many monstrosities in the open-air statue line, which already stud too thickly our great city; and heaven forbid that the testimonial of this nation's respect and esteem for Mendelssohn, should be turned, as other testimonials have been, before now, to ridicule and universal contempt. With respect to Hanover-square as an appropriate site, is there not one statue there already? Canning, if I mistake not. Again, it appears to me, that erecting an out-of-door statue of Mendelssohn, in London, will scarcely seem appropriate and *comme il faut*. One can scarcely reconcile the idea of a statue of that great musician, from whom have emanated some of the finest compositions mortal ever penned,—the author of those magnificent works, St. Paul and Elijah,—standing in a popular metropolitan thoroughfare, midst the hubbub and racket of this great metropolis, midst the roar of business and the din of people. It would seem as though he were placed in a sort of purgatory,—as though he, who so loved, so cherished the chords of harmony and melody in life, were doomed to list to nought but discord and riot after death!

No, sir, the statue of Mendelssohn could not consistently be placed in the centre of this great city, unless under the roof of some hall strictly devoted to music, unless beneath the sacred ceiling of a cathedral, unless in some public gallery of statues and monuments of eminent men.

But there is no reason why the statue should not be erected in the open air, some short way out of London; in some shady, quiet nook, into which the whirlwind of toil and business never intrudes. Why not in one of our beautiful cemeteries, a short distance out of London? Surely, the holy calmness, the heavenly peace, the death-like stillness, which pervade these hallowed resting places of the dead, would be more in unison, more in harmony with the living thoughts and imaginings of the great musician, than the din and riot of a busy city. There it would be a sort of pious pilgrimage, a holy, much-loved duty, to jog on to the peaceful spot where England had raised her tribute of earnest admiration, passionate love, heart-felt respect for that man, who never had an equal, a rival, or an enemy—who loved and was loved by all—the mighty inspirations of whose genius must last to eternity—and there, to linger near the monumental marble, indulging in the soul-elevating thoughts, the tearful, soul-searching reflections, which must rush spontaneously to the heart as it ponders o'er his heavenly genius, his meteor-course, his premature decay! Or, why not erect the monument in some shady grove or avenue in our public parks or gardens? Why not in some leafy spot in Kensington-gardens, for instance? These places, which I have mentioned at random, and, doubtless, many better may be suggested, appear to me infinitely more appropriate than any London street, or public thoroughfare. Though I could wish to say a few more words upon the subject, I dare not any longer venture to presume upon your patience, your time, or your valuable space. But, I hope the importance of the subject of my letter may excuse both my prolixity and my intrusion. You, I feel assured, will concur in the wish that the funds for the testimonial may prosper and accumulate, and that a monument, worthy of the great name it will bear, may speedily be erected, and long remain a token of England's respect, love, and admiration for every child of genius, let him be born in what clime he may.

I am, sir, in some haste, your obedient servant, E. D. C.

Dec. 14, 1847.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I take the liberty of referring your attention to the letter which I had the honour of writing to you on the 1st of September last, and for the insertion of which, in No. 36 of your valuable Journal, I have to return you my most sincere thanks. You will readily conceive my surprise and vexation, when, on going to the Union public-house, for the express purpose of hearing this grand harpist, I found that he had discontinued playing there; for what reason I know not, though I am given to understand, that he considered the patronage he received too small. Being totally unacquainted with his address, you will see my inability of writing, apologising through your kind medium, to some gentlemen, who, influenced no doubt by the same feelings as myself, have called at the Union public-house, in the Bagnigge Wells-Road, to hear him play, and not finding him there, were so confiding in my statement of his merits, as to leave their cards, which, unfortunately, the careless bar-keeper has lost. To these kind-hearted gentlemen must I tender at the same time my apologies and thanks; apologies for the disappointment they met with, through the non-appearance of the harpist, and thanks for the trouble they have taken in order to hear him play. By dint of great trouble, I have, however, become acquainted with his address, which is, W. P. THOMAS, 3, Ave Maria-Lane, Ludgate-Hill. I have requested him to attend at the Union public-house, on Tuesday evening next, and he has promised to be there from nine until twelve o'clock.

and also on any other Tuesday evening, if it be the wish or desire of any lady or gentleman. I beg leave to inclose a copy of my letter, referred to at the commencement of this, in order to save you any trouble or inconvenience you may be put to, by having to refer to the identical number in which it was inserted, and I beg leave to subscribe myself, Your obliged, obedient servant,
13, Charles-street, 15th Dec. 1847.
MAHONY MYLES.

To the Editor of the Musical World

SONGS IN HAYDN'S CREATION.

H. E. will feel obliged to the Editor of the Musical World, recommending him some songs for the "Creation." His voice is a *barytone*, but cannot easily reach beyond "E." If the Editor cannot do so, perhaps some of H. E.'s fellow subscribers will oblige him.

[Our columns are open to any subscriber who has the time to reply to our correspondent's question?—Ed.]

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—On Wednesday the annual concert of Miss Keale took place at the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson-street, in this town. The attendance, without being crowded, included some of the first families in the town. A duet by Thalberg, played by Miss Keale and a young lady, her pupil, whose name did not transpire, delighted while it captivated all present. Miss Keale's pupil will take her place at no distant day amongst the most accomplished instrumentalists. The singing of Mr. Weiss was highly relished. Miss Emily Grant carried away the applause by her finished singing and tasteful execution. Her favourite song, "Sound the pibroch," is quite a gem. There are few lyrical compositions more inspiring, the echo notes show the accomplished vocalist, while the spirit which she throws into the air smacks pleasantly of the practised actress. Signor Giulio Regondi played two or three solos on the concertina and the guitar. Over both instruments he exercises perfect mastery.—*Liverpool Chronicle*.

HODDERSDON.—(From our Correspondent).—Miss Steele gave a very excellent musical entertainment at the Literary and Scientific Institution, on Monday last, which was (of course taking into consideration the influenza) responded to very agreeably by the most respectable families of the place. The artists comprised in addition to the beneficeaire, Miss A. Hill, Miss E. Mounsey, Mr. Bodda and Mr. Watson. The programme was very judiciously selected, and proved highly satisfactory to the audience, who manifested by abundant applause their unanimous acknowledgements. The principal features therein were Proch's "Think of me" sung by Miss Steele, and Kalliwoda's "Home of Love," sung by Miss Hill, both with concertina accompaniments, very artistically executed by Miss E. Mounsey. Miss Hill, who has much improved in style and power since we last heard her, gave the "Carlo Nive" from Verdi's *Masnadieri*, with a boldness and energy, far surpassing the merits of the composition. The gem of the Concert was decidedly the "In si barbara" from *Semiramide* sung by Miss Steele. The deep pathos, sweetness and excellent style with which it was rendered, called forth a most vehement encore, and even very narrowly escaped being redemanded. Mr. Bodda sang a Hungarian dancing song, by Miss A. S. Mounsey, which richly deserved a similar compliment, the singer having done ample justice to a talented composition. In the *petit rien*, of *Jeannette and Jeannot*, he however obtained what the first essentially merited. Mr. Watson performed a charming solo on the violin, by Sainton, which elicited abundant applause, and between the first and second parts of the concert a request from several of the audience was made to him to repeat his performance, which consisted of an air, with variations, by Mayseder, which was also received with flattering marks of approbation. The duet from the *Semiramide* sung by Miss Hill and Miss Steele, was greatly relished and narrowly escaped repetition. The popular ballad of Knight "Beautiful Venice" was loudly redemanded, but the fair beneficeaire responded by singing "Come off to the moors," the change proving highly satisfactory. The programme not being too long, they added very much to the spirit with which it went off, the general opinion at the conclusions being that of most decided gratification with the evening's amusement.

DEVIZES.—The musical entertainment given by Mr. H. Phillips and Mr. Land, at the Town Hall, was attended by a large and fashionable audience. Mr. H. Phillips was in splendid voice, and we never heard him sing with greater power and effect: he was encored in his charming old ballad "Shall I wastyne in despair," but substituted one of his later compositions entitled "There's a New Year coming," which was enthusiastically received. Mr. Land was deservedly much applauded, especially in the Scottish songs, "Lizzie Lindsay," "Auld Robin Gray," and "The Lass O' Gowrie," in the latter of which he was rapturously encored. His voice is a tenor of beautiful quality, and his pure style of singing was greatly admired. In concluding, Mr. Phillips thanked his

audience for the approbation they had manifested, and announced, amidst much applause, his intention of revisiting Devizes in the Spring. Since Mr. Wilson's first appearance here, no similar entertainment has been received with more unequivocal marks of pleasure.

BRIGHTON.—(From a Correspondent).—MADAME CATHINKA DE DIETZ'S CONCERT.—This Pianist gave a concert here last week; it was attended by a most fashionable audience, which included several officers of the 16th Lancers, in full uniform. The band of the 16th Lancers performed a piece at the commencement of each part, most woefully out of tune. Madame de Dietz played with considerable execution two morceaux of her own and Albert's joint composition. Signor Alessandro Galli sang two arias in excellent style, and also took parts in duets by Donizetti and Mosca, with Madame Santa Croce. Baerwolf's "When the post horn gaily sounding" (*Post horn klang*) was sung with great brilliancy and excellent taste by Madame Santa Croce; the obligato violoncello accompaniment to which, was artistically rendered by Herr Haussmann. The concert had the merit of ending at an early hour, so that the audience were perfectly satisfied and not fatigued. Herr Kube was the accompanist at the Pianoforte.

LANCASTER.—Mr. Templeton's music entertainment took place in the Music Hall, on Wednesday, the 8th inst., before a highly respectable audience. His anecdotes are good, and his songs, to the true lover of national melodies, always welcome. Mr. Templeton has shown great judgment in the selection of an accompanist in the person of Mr. Blewitt, who, for many years, was director and composer to the Theatre Royal, Dublin: The entertainment commenced with Dibdin's song "The Lads of the Village," which Mr. Templeton gave with great feeling. The next song was Shield's "Tell her I love her." The next was "Sally in an Alley," by Henry Carey, which was given with great feeling. This was decidedly encored. The scena, "All is lost now," from *La Sonnambula*, "They may rail at this Life," "The Minstrel Boy," and "The meeting of the waters," left nothing to be desired. "The brisk young lad," was humourously given, and encored. The entertainment concluded with Mr. Blewitt's amusing song, "The merry little fat grey man," which set the audience in roars of laughter. Mr. Blewitt's accompaniment throughout the whole of the evening, merits the highest praise. Mr. Templeton has promised, ere long, to revisit this town.—*Lancaster Gazette*.

CONCERTS.

PRIVATE CONCERT.—HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—(From a Correspondent).—An evening concert, under the direction of a party of amateurs (of whose liberality we have had cause to make favourable mention on a previous occasion) was given at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Wednesday evening, in the presence of a brilliant audience. The vocalists were Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Dolby, and Miss Ransford; Messrs. H. Phillips, Lockey, and John Parry. The instrumentalists consisted of Mr. Joseph Richardson, Mr. Frederick Ghatterton, and Mr. Brinley Richards, who also officiated as conductor. Amongst the pieces encored were songs by Madame Caradori, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Lockey, Phillips, and John Parry. Miss Ransford gave a new song, with considerable expression. The concerted pieces went as most things do when they have not been sufficiently rehearsed. We must, however, except the "Alla Trinita." Mr. Richardson played his own variations on "Rousseau's Dream." The harp solo consisted of a grand fantasia, by Mr. Chatterton; and Thalberg's "Mosé" afforded Mr. Richards an opportunity for the display of his command over the pianoforte.

PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM.—On Tuesday evening, a concert took place here for the benefit of a professional lady (*Qy. who?*) when a good selection of music was performed by a number of popular favorites, including Miss Sara Flower, Miss Cubitt, Miss Bassano, Messrs. Frederick Chatterton, Bodda, &c. Among the performers were two small debutantes. A young lady, eleven years of age, sung a song of A. Lee's. She has a sweet voice, and sings with correct taste. The other youthful debutante was Miss L. Marshall, a sister (we presume) of the Miss Marshall, late of the Royal Academy. The young lady, who was encored, sings like an apt and intelligent pupil, and does credit to her fair instructress—Miss Sara Flower. As we left at the end of the first act, we missed a piano-forte fantasia, by another debutante, and daughter of the Beneficeaire. We must not omit Miss Bassano's interpretation of a very sweet ballad of Walter Maynard's, "I strive to forget thee." The simplicity and fine natural feeling with which this lady can, when she chooses, invest her cantabile singing, were never more effectively shown than on the present occasion. She has not yet, however, entirely rid herself of a fault which has already been the subject of remark,—a propensity to hold the suspended notes of the closes to too great a length. Once fairly rid of this defect, her interpretation of music of this kind would be perfect. The attendance was but thin.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE will open on Monday, the 27th instant, under the management of Mr. Davidson, with a strong and effective company. The performances will be devoted principally to the legitimate drama. Among the chief engagements, we may mention Mr. Stuart, from the Haymarket; Mr. G. V. Brooke, Mr. H. Holl, Mr. Davidge, Mr. Conquest, Mr. L. Thompson, and the Mesdames Stuart, Glyn (pupil of Mr. Charles Kemble), Gordon, Brougham, Bromley, &c., &c. The Theatre has been entirely re-modelled and re-decorated.

THE CHORAL HARMONISTS commence their sixteenth season on Monday next at the London Tavern. We gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity to recommend this excellent Society to all amateurs, offering them the means of hearing pure classical music, always well performed. The selection will consist of Handel's Coronation Anthem, "The King shall reign;" Mozart's glorious, though rather hackneyed "Twelfth Mass." Mendelssohn's overture to the "Isles of Fingal," and the overture and selections from "Der Freischütz." Monsieur Robert, the first tenor to the King of Holland, is engaged, and the Misses Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Seguin will complete the list of vocalists.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION CONCERTS, EDINBURGH.—These concerts, which have given such general satisfaction for several years past, are announced for the season. The Association will, we understand, perform a number of those classical compositions which have created such a sensation on the Continent during the last year, besides repeating many of the works of Beethoven and other great masters. We are confident, that conducted by Herr Durner, led by Mr. Mackenzie, and supported by an efficient orchestra, the Association may look forward to an excellent season.

MR. WILSON gave one of his entertainments at Wellington Salop, on Monday evening, which afforded much gratification to the audience, and was received with hearty applause throughout. Many of the songs were encored, which Mr. Wilson readily complied with, and sang several songs besides, which were not included in his programme.

AN OPERATIC COMPANY, composed of Miss Rainforth, Miss Susan Kenneth, Mr. Travers, and Mr. Stretton, has been lately performing at the Theatre Royal, Williamson Square, Liverpool, in the *Sonnambula*, *The Love Spell*, *Maritana*, and other operas. The second named lady is the daughter of Mr. Kenneth, so well-known in the theatrical world, and is young on the stage. Her voice is a clear and excellent *mezzo soprano*. Her style is excellent and she is in most respects a better actress than the larger mass of vocalists. When she ultimately, as she must do, takes her place in the operatic portion of the Metropolitan stage, we have no doubt she will be found an excellent and permanent addition to it.—*From our own Correspondent.*

VALUE OF MUSIC IN 1728.—It is worthy of remark that in the year 1728, a first-rate singer, according to play-house pay, which means the actual night's performance, could command no more than 45*l.* annually; whilst we have it on record that a first-rate singer (Mrs. Billington), in the year 1801, was deemed worthy of an arbitration between the rival managers, who each contended for the privilege of paying her 3,000*l.* for the season, with the addition of a clear benefit!

GLoucester MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Thomas Turner Esq., has furnished a statement respecting the financial results of the late festival. The total amount of the expenses was £3127 4*s.* 2*d.*, from which, deducting the sum of £2580 15*s.* 6*d.*, the net amount received from the sale of tickets and books,

there will remain a gross deficit of £546 8*s.* 8*d.*; consequently each of the twelve stewards will be £45 10*s.* 9*d.* minus. Although the principal vocalists were paid nearly £300 more upon the late occasion than in the year 1844, yet the deficiency is £200 less than happened at that period, after taking into the scale the aid then afforded by a guarantee fund. It only remains to notice that the total amount of the late collections, made for the relief of the widows and orphans of the clergy, is £723 2*s.* 3*d.*, which includes a donation since remitted by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol of £20.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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GRIMSTONE'S AROMATIC REGENERATOR, for Improving and Promoting THE GROWTH OF HUMAN HAIR.

TO THE LADIES.—A lady had the following letter inserted in the *Times* newspaper on August 7, 1846. Reader, remember this letter was put into the paper by the lady herself, as a testimony to the virtues of Grimstone's Aromatic Regenerator:

"Mrs. Weekley, of No. 3, Swan-street, Borough, takes this opportunity of publicly thanking Mr. W. Grimstone, of the Herbarry, Highgate, for the efficacy of his Aromatic Regenerator, in having completely restored the hair on her head, after using it about four months, and the whole of her hair is much stronger and more luxuriant than it ever was before the baldness appeared. She will feel a pleasure in answering any lady of respectability to the above facts.—3, Swan-street, Borough."

The most delicate ladies may use this delightful product of the most aromatic herbs and flowers with confidence; its refreshing odour removes head-ache and makes it a most necessary companion to the toilet. In cases of nervous head-ache, pour ten or twelve drops on the crown of the head; if very bad, repeat it every quarter of an hour. In most cases, relief is certain in ten minutes. It produces hair on children's heads in a few applications. If used on infants' heads, it has such a peculiar cooling influence on the brain as to prevent convulsions, as well as promoting the growth of hair.—See pamphlet of testimonials with every bottle.

CASE OF RING-WORM CURED.

"Mr. Frederick Bradshaw, having lost some portion of his hair from ring-worm, has had it so perfectly and so wonderfully restored by only a short application of Mr. Grimstone's 'Aromatic Regenerator,' feels thus called upon gratefully and publicly to acknowledge it. Mr. F. Bradshaw has much pleasure in thus bearing testimony to the efficacy of the remedy, and Mr. Grimstone is at perfect liberty to make any use of this communication he pleases."

To Mr. W. Grimstone, Herbarry, Highgate, near London."
Sold by Mrs. J. and E. Atkinson, 24, Old Bond-street; Messrs. Fisher and Toller, Conduit-street; J. Sanger, Chemist, &c., 150, Oxford-street; Messrs. Barclay and Son, Farringdon-street; Mr. Johnston, 68, Cornhill; Thomas Keating, Chemist, St. Paul's Churchyard; Messrs. Hannay and Co., 68, Oxford-street; and by all Chemists, Druggists, and Medicine Vendors. Sold in triangular bottles, at 4*s.* 7*s.*, and 11*s.* each; and forwarded by post at 4*s.* 6*d.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, and 12*s.*, cases included, for money orders only. Sold only, Wholesale, at the Herbarry, Highgate. The 7*s.* contains two 4*s.*, the 11*s.* four times the quantity of the 4*s.*

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PUBLISHED THIS DAY, in 8vo., with engraved Music, 16s. cloth, **RIGHTS IN ITALY**: with some Account of Music and the sister Arts in that Country. By WILLIAM GARDINER, Author of "Sacred Melodies," "Music of Nature," "Music and Friends," &c.

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For the performance of ORIGINAL Songs, Duets, Trios, Quartets, and Quintets, by English Authors, English Composers, and to be sung by English Vocalists. The serious difficulty which authors and composers of this country experience in introducing their works to the British public, either through the medium of the Stage or Concert Room, has induced the attempt to establish the above Concerts.

Particulars will be duly announced. In the meantime, any communications addressed to Mr. BARKER, at his residence, No. 56, Brompton Square, will be punctually attended to.

MUSICAL PRIZE, or CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

This Day is published, Price 10s. 6d.,

THE BOOK OF SONG, beautifully illustrated and illuminated in colors, by Brandard, containing new Songs and Duets, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Lady Dufferin, Balfe, G. Linley, Val. Morris, Barker, Maynard, Macfarren, &c. The Songs are by the most popular Composers, and have been selected with the greatest care in order to form a highly attractive Musical Album, at half the usual price.

In a few days will be published, as a Companion to the above,

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Mrs. Anna Thillon's New Song, "The Lily lies drooping," is now published, Price 2s. "The Ballad by Mr. Val. Morris, 'The Lily lies drooping,' seemed most to the taste of the audience, and was redemanded as it were with one voice; and a very pretty ballad it is, and charmingly was it rendered by Madame Thillon."—MUSICAL WORLD, Nov. 20.

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Huntén's Souvenir de Jenny Lind,	3s. 6d.
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C. Mayr's Il Italian—"Il Tremolo," as played by Made. Duleken,	3s. 6d.

CHAPPELL, 50, NEW BOND STREET.

In the Press, the whole of the Vocal and Instrumental Music of Balfe's New Grand Opera, "THE MAID OF HONOR," to be produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on Monday next, for which performance, BOXES, STALLS, and FRONT SEATS in the DRESS CIRCLE, in the best situations, can be procured at CHAPPELL'S, 50, NEW BOND STREET.

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Copy of a Letter from "COLONEL HAWKER," the well-known Author of "Guns and Shooting."

Longparish House, near Whitchurch, Hants, Oct. 21st, 1846.

Sir,—I cannot resist informing you of the extraordinary effect that I have experienced by taking only a few of your LOZENGES. I had a cough for several weeks that defied all that had been prescribed for me; and yet I got completely rid of it by taking about half a small box of your Lozenges, which I find are the only ones that relieve the cough without deranging the stomach or digestive organs.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
To Mr. KEATING, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard. P. HAWKER.

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Sir,—I have great pleasure in informing you of the great good your excellent COUGH LOZENGES have done me. In December, 1845, I caught a severe cold from riding two or three miles, one very wet night, which settled in my lungs, and quite took away my voice, so that I could not speak above a whisper from that time until the beginning of December last. I tried all kind of medicines, but they were of no avail. I was then advised to try your Lozenges, which I did only to please my friends; but before I had finished a 2s. 9d. tin, my voice, to my great joy, came back as strong as ever.

THOMAS KEATING, Esq.

I am, Sir, your's respectfully,
JAMES MARTIN.

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On MONDAY, December 20th, 1847, will be produced a New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, entitled

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The Music by Mr. BALFE.

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The Lady Alison,	Miss MIRAN,
(Who will make her Debut on this occasion.)	
The Lady Henrietta,	Miss BIRCH,
(Who will make her Debut on this occasion.)	
Sir Tristram,	Mr. WEISS,
Lyonel,	Mr. SIMS REEVES,
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The Orchestra will be conducted by Mr. BALFE.
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"To Professor Holloway."

(Signed,

"CHARLES WILSON."

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25	1 2 2	2 4 4	25	0 19 7	1 19 2
30	1 4 11	2 10 10	30	1 1 9	2 3 6
35	1 8 6	2 17 0	35	1 4 11	2 9 10
40	1 13 3	3 6 6	40	1 9 2	2 18 4
45	1 19 6	3 19 0	45	1 14 10	3 9 8
50	2 7 9	4 15 6	50	2 2 6	4 5 0
55	2 18 10	5 17 8	55	2 12 9	5 5 6

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